

LITTLE ORVY

by ROCK YAGER

THERE WAS A MAN NAMED CUSTER
WHO WENT TO FIGHT THE SIOUX !
BUT I CAN THINK OF BETTER WAYS
TO PASS THE TIME, CAN'T YOU ?

NO, DONALD, I CAN'T COME
AND SEE THE NEW SUIT
THAT YOUR MOTHER
BOUGHT YOU ! I'M
BUSY READING !

OKAY, ORVY !
I'LL GO AND BRING
IT HERE !

THEN ORVY'S VIVID IMAGINATION WENT TO
WORK...

YOU SAY
YOU'RE A SCOUT, SONNY ?
WHAT ARE YOUR
QUALIFICATIONS ?

OUR TROOP
SPENT TWO
WEEKS CAMPING
LAST YEAR. WE
SLEPT IN TENTS
AND EVERYTHING,
GENERAL CUSTER.

SOUNDS GOOD
ENOUGH FOR ME !
YOU'RE HIRED !

GOOD... I CAN HARDLY
WAIT FOR US TO START
THE MARCH !

NOW... WHERE WAS I ?
"GENERAL CUSTER NEEDED A
RELIABLE SCOUT TO HELP HIM
FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE
SIOUX INDIANS !"

ORVY DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR LONG ! WITHIN AN
HOUR THE SEVENTH CAVALRY RODE OUT OF FORT
LINCOLN TOWARDS... P P P

EVERYONE HALT !
I THINK WE'RE LOST !

LOST ?
YOU IDIOT !
WE'RE STILL
IN SIGHT OF
THE FORT !

OH ! MY ERROR, GENERAL !
I WAS LOOKING AT THE
WRONG MAP ! I'VE GOT
THE RIGHT ONE HERE !

WE OUGHT TO TELL THAT NEW
SCOUT TO GET LOST ON HIS OWN !
I DON'T FEEL SAFE WITH HIM
AROUND !

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MY FRIENDS, IT'S TRUE !
THIS SNEAKY SPY IS A FULL-BLOOD SIOUX !

TWO HOURS LATER...

WONDERFUL, GENERAL !
THE SCENERY IS
BREATH-TAKING !

...HAVE YOU NOTICED
HOW THOSE DISTANT
HILLS BLEND INTO A
PALE LAVENDER ?

NO, I HAVEN'T ! I'VE
BEEN THINKING ABOUT
MY MEN IN REGARD TO
REDSKINS !

I'LL BE HAPPY TO SHARE
MY SUNBURN LOTION !

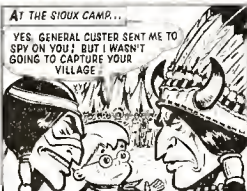
IDIOT ! I'M TALKING
ABOUT SIOUX INDIANS !
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT
SMOKE CLOUD MEANS ?

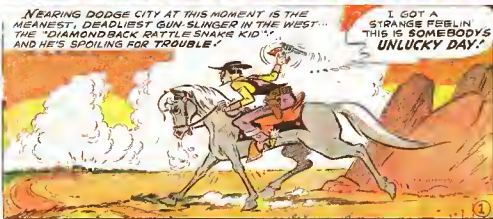
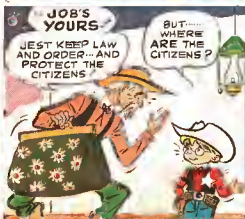
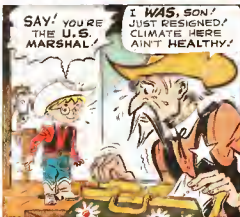
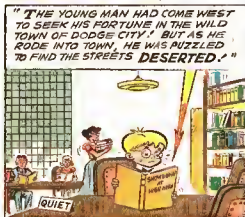
YES !
SOMETHING'S
BURNING !

YOU'RE RIGHT ! A SIOUX
CAMPFIRE IS BURNING !
GO AND SPY ON THEM
AND REPORT BACK TO ME !

YES,
SIR !

I EXPECT THERE'LL BE TWO,
MAYBE THREE TENTS, AT
THE MOST !







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By RICK YAGER

2-14-60



HA! EVERYBODY THINKS THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE, BUT IT'S NOT!

AND I'LL TAKE HOME THIS ROCK TO PROVE IT!

DROP IT, EARTHMAN! CAN'T YOU READ?

NO TRESPASSING

SHEESH!
I MUST BE DREAMIN'!
THERE'S NO HUMAN LIFE ON THE MOON!
MY SPACE MANUAL SAYS SO!

WE IS NOT HUMANS
WE IS MOON MONSTERS

M-MOON MONSTERS?
GULP!
SO LONG!

GRAB HIM! THIS EARTH-TO-MOON JAZZ HAS GOT TO BE NIPPED IN THE BUD!

... OR SOON YOUR HOLIDAY HOP-CATS WILL SWARM ON US LIKE A LOCUST PLAGUE!

... AND CLUTTER OUR BEAUTIFUL SEASHORE WITH MOONBURGER STANDS!

SEASHORE? THERE'S NO WATER ON THE MOON!

WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT STUFF?

IT'S ONLY A MIRAGE!

BUT... NO! IT TAKES AIR TO MAKE A MIRAGE!

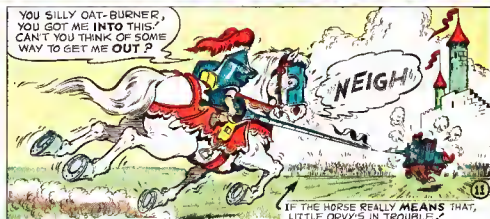
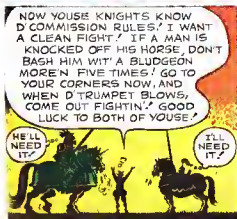
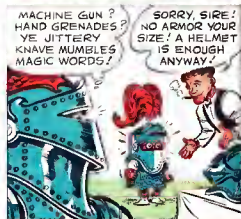
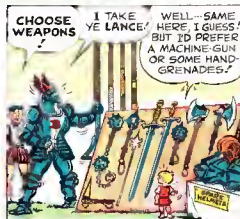
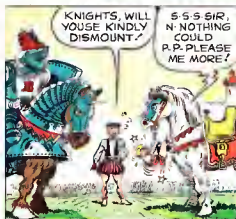
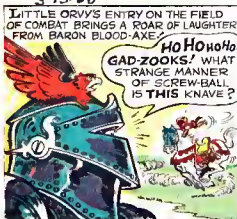
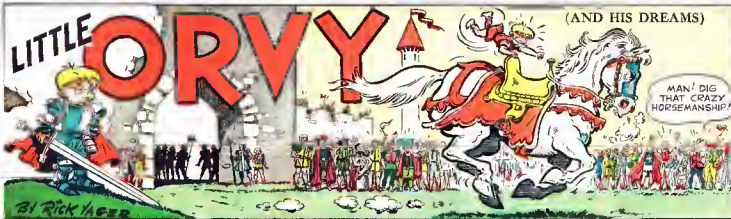
... AND THERE'S NO AIR ON...

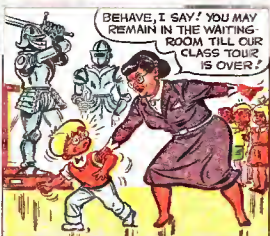
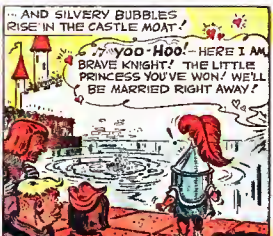
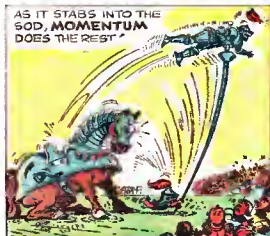
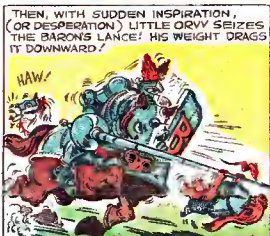
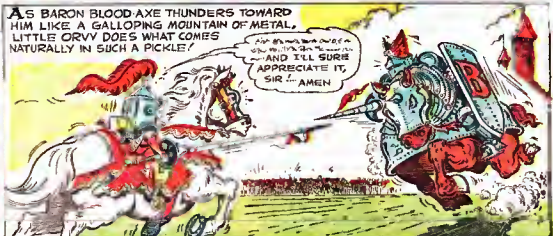
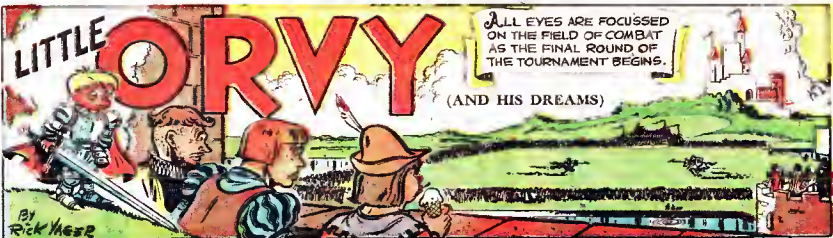
... WELL... ANYWAY... IT CAN'T BE WATER!

ONE FOR THE MOONY,
TWO FOR THE SHOW,
THREE TO GET READY,
AND FOUR...
HEAVE-HO!

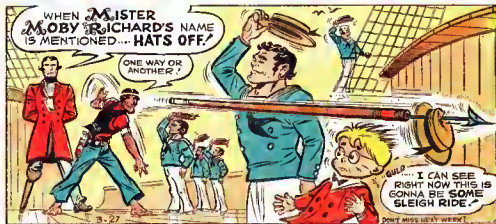
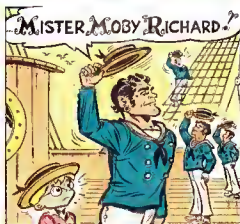
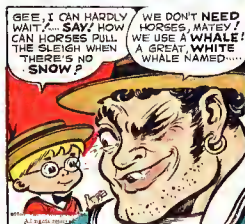
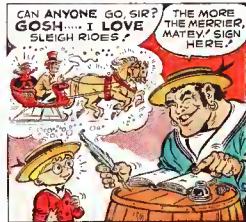
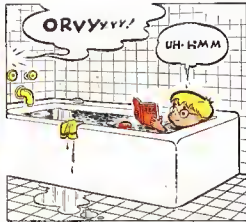
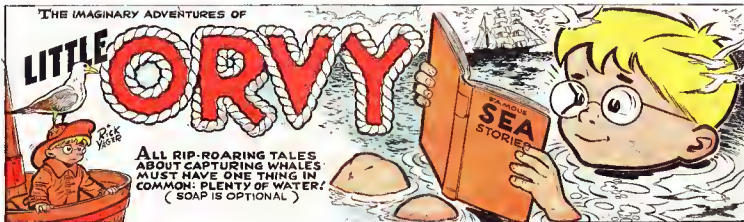
"PHEW!
BOY IS IT EVER DUSTY DOWN HERE!"

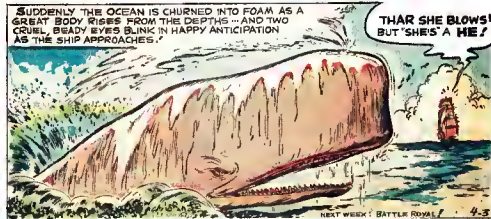
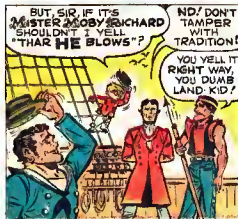
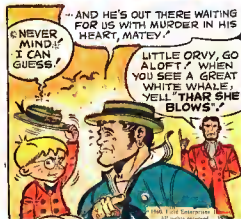
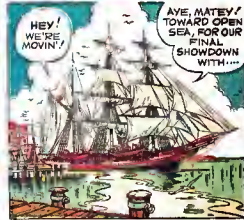
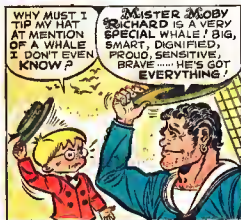
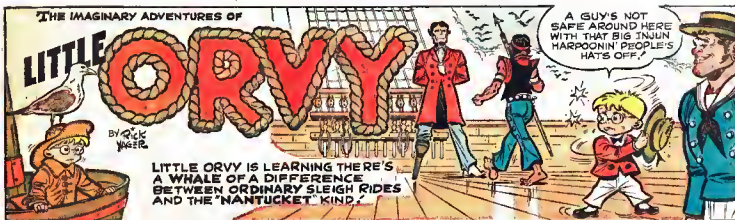
SPLASH!





NEXT WEEK: THE TERRIBLE MOBY RICHARD, A WHALE TALE!

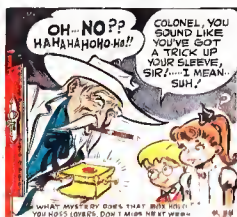
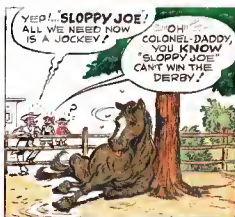
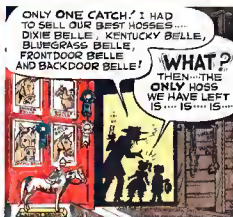
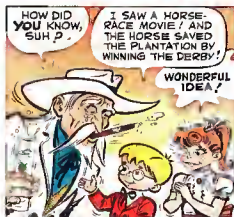
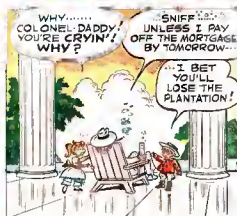
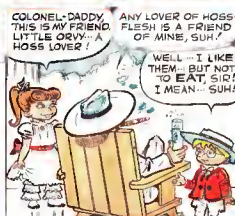
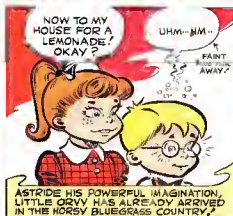
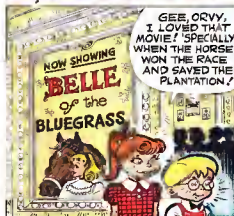
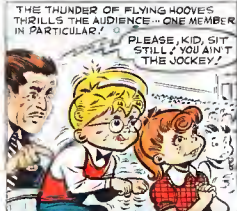
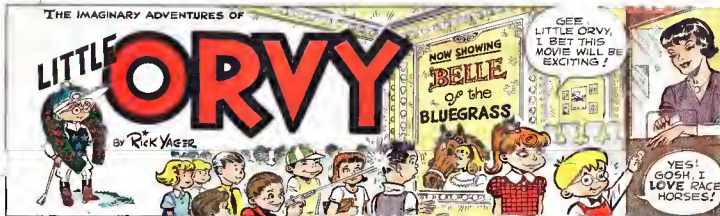




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ON A KNOLL IN OL' KENTUCKY
WHERE THE FIELDS OF BLUEGRASS GROW,
LIVES A COLONEL WITH A MORTGAGE,
AND A 'HOSS' NAMED 'SLOPPY JOE'.

OH, COLONEL DADDY,
I'M SURE NOTHING YOU
HAVE IN THAT BOX CAN
POSSIBLY MAKE US
WIN THE DERBY!

O' COURSE NOT,
DAUGHTER.....

.... BECAUSE WE AIN'T
RUNNIN' IN THE DERBY!
BUT 'SLOPPY JOE' IS!

WHAT SECRET IS LOCKED IN THIS LITTLE CASE,
THAT CAN MAKE A LUG-HOSS WIN A RACE?

PLEASE,
COLONEL DADDY!
WHAT'S IN
THAT BOX?

A FAMILY HEIRLOOM!
OLD AUNTY BELLUM'S
MINT JULEP RECIPE!

WHAT?

THAT
S-S-SAME MIXTURE
GREAT GRAND-
DADDY HAD IN
HIS CANTEN AT
GETTYSBURG?

YEP! THEY SAY
HE WAS FIELDSING
ENEMY CANNON
BULLS LIKE A
BIG-LEAGUER....

..... AND HURLIN'
'EM RIGHT BACK!

I SEE YOUR
PLAN, COLONEL
DADDY, BUT
SUCH THINGS
AREN'T ALLOWED!

HERE'S THE RULE BOOK!
SHOW ME WHERE IT SAYS,
'NO HOSS IS ALLOWED TO
SIP A MINT JULEP
ON DERBY DAY?'

YOU WIN,
COLONEL DADDY!
THERE'S NO
SUCH RULE!

SO... TRAINING BEGINS.

LITTLE ORVY, WE'LL
TIME 'SLOPPY JOE'
AT A MILE AND
A QUARTER
READD-DDY...
"GO."

GOODNESS,
THAT'S NOT VERY
FAR TO GO IN
FIVE MINUTES!

GIVE HIM A
TASTE OF YOUR
WHIP, SUH.

I DON'T
THINK HE'D BE
INTERESTED;
HE SEEMS
SATISFIED
WITH THE GRASS!

AN HOUR AND FIFTEEN
MINUTES LATER.

UNBELIEVABLE!
WHIRLAWAY DID IT
IN TWO MINUTES!

SHH... HE'S
DOZING!

SEE IT'S
HOPELESS!
'SLOPPY JOE'
CAN'T WIN
TOMORROW.

TUT-TUT! SUPPOSE
WE JUST LEAVE THAT TO
OLD AUNTY BELLUM!

LITTLE ORVY



By RICK YAGER

LATIN: (FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS ONLY)
WHATABUS MESSIBUS! LITTLUS ORVIUS
GOTTIUM SELFIO SUPER BAD LUCKIBUS,
BEST THINKUM QUICKIO CRAFTIUS STRATEGEM
OR HE'LL END UPPIO ONE DEADUM-DUCKIBUS*.

*LATIN SLANG: GONE GOOSE!

WHY ARE
THEY ALL
GIVING ME A
SAD LOOK?

LITTLUS ORVIUS,
EVERYONE ENJOYS A
GOOD BATTLE BETWEEN
EVENLY-MATCHED
GLADIATORS.....

... BUT YOU VERSUS
BICEPPIUS MAXIMUS
IS SHEER MURDER!

ALL I SAID WAS,
I'D LOVE TO MEET
BICEPPIUS MAXIMUS,
THE GLADIATOR!

OH, YOU'RE
GOING TO,
LITTLUS ORVIUS...
TOMORROW... AT
THE COLOSSEUM...
IN COMBAT!

AND YOU CAN'T BACK
OUT! YOU'VE SIGNED A
FIGHTIBUS CONTRACTUM!
REMEMBER?

SO THAT'S
WHAT IT
WAS.

AND THEN THE HORRIBLE TRUTH HITS HOME --
ME--VERSUS--

BICEPPIUS MAXIMUS
VERSUS
ME

COMES THE FATAL DAY! ROME
IS AGOG WITH EXCITEMENT!

WHAT A
CROWD! LOOK!
JULIUS CAESAR
AND HIS SON!

WHAT'S
HIS NAME?
SID?

HEY!
GETCHA
SOUVENIRS!

AND THERE'S MERCURY'S
SON, PAN!..... A CRAZY,
MIXED-UP KID!

SAY!
THOSE
PIPES! WHAT
A SECRET
WEAPON!

NOW-- SOME
DRIED PEAS
AND I'M READY!

LISTEN! THAT
THUNDEROUS
APPLAUSE!
BICEPPIUS
MAXIMUS
IS COMING!

YOW!!
YOU MEAN I
G-G-G GOTTA
FIGHT THAT?

NOPE! HE'S
ONLY BICEPPIUS'
LITTLE BROTHER!

THERE'S
BICEPPIUS!

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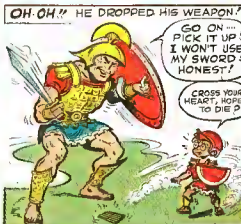
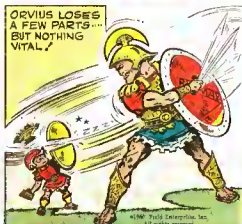
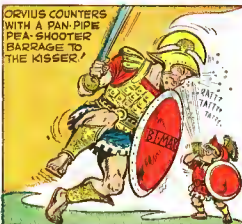
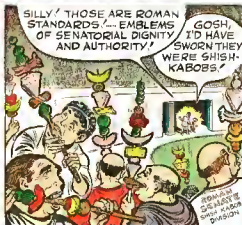
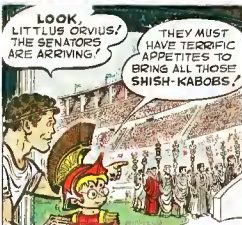
by RICK YAGER

TAKE HEED, YOUNG GLADIATORS,
FOR IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACTUM,
IT'S WISE TO LOOK BEFORE YOU SIGN
A FIGHTIBUS-CONTRACTUM.

WHEN YOU ENTER THE
ARENA, LITTLUS ORVIUS,
...CHIN-UP...SMILE!

REMEMBER YOU'RE
A GLADIATOR...NOT
A SADIATOR.

THE WAY I'M
SWEATING I
FEEL MORE LIKE
A RADIATOR.



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ORVIUS NEEDS ASSISTANCE;
HE NEEDS IT MIGHTY BAD,
THOUGH HE'S A GLADIATOR,
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GLAD!



IF YOU DON'T MIND
WAITING, KID, I'LL GIVE
MY FANS A FEW
DRAMATIC VICTORY
POSES! I CALL
THIS ONE 'THE
SEE-SAW'.

LET'S GO ON
TO THE NEXT
ONE!



M-M-M-M-M!

THIS POSE
IS ALWAYS A
CROWD-PLEASER,
TOO 'LIKE IT'?

I DON'T
KNOW! ALL
I CAN SEE
IS TOES!



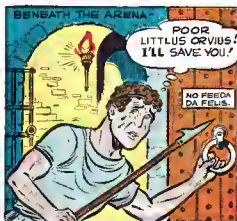
WELL, KID, NOW FOR
THE GRAND FINALE!
LET'S GIVE 'EM
A SMASHEROO
THAT'LL REALLY
ROCK 'EM! GOT
ANY IDEAS?

HMM...
LET ME
THINK.



NO HURRY!
I'LL GIVE 'EM
THAT 'OLD
SOFT SHOE'
WHILE YOU
DECIDE!

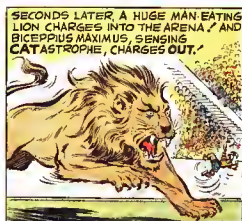
SAY, HOW
ABOUT IF WE
HARMONIZE
ON "DOWN BY
THE OLD MILL
STREAM"?



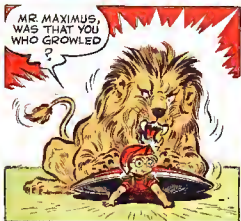
BENEATH THE ARENA

POOR
LITTLUS ORVIUS!
I'LL SAVE YOU!

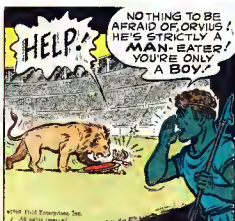
NO FEEDA
DA FELLS.



SECONDS LATER A HUGE MAN EATING
LION CHARGES INTO THE ARENA! AND
BICEPPIUS MAXIMUS, SENSING
CATASTROPHE, CHARGES OUT.



MR. MAXIMUS,
WAS THAT YOU
WHO GROWLED
?



HELP!

NOTHING TO BE
AFRAID OF, ORVIUS!
HE'S STRICTLY A
MAN-EATER!
YOU'RE ONLY
A BOY.



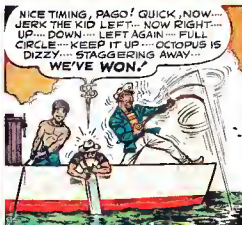
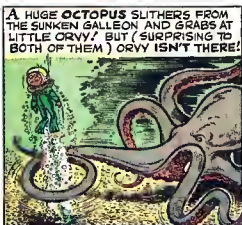
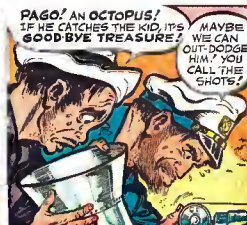
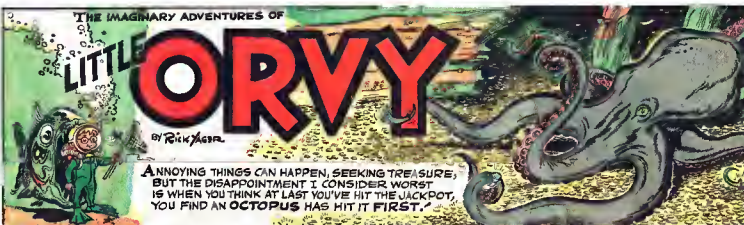
BUT MAYBE HE
PLANS TO HOLD
ME HERE TILL
I GROW UP!

HELP!
GET THIS
LION OFF
ME!



WILL SOMEONE REMOVE
THAT MAN-EATING LION FROM
ORVY, SO WE CAN RESUME
OUR DISCUSSION ON
ANCIENT ROME?!

STARTING NEXT WEEK: CLAM CALAMITY! DON'T MISS IT!



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AS THE OLYMPIC GAMES
DRAW NEAR, ORVY IS
GETTING STEAMED UP!

ORVY...
MAY I ASK
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?

I'M RUNNING THE
HUNDRED METER... I MEAN
I'M READING ABOUT THE
OLYMPIC GAMES!

ORVY, YOU CAN READ ABOUT
THE OLYMPIC GAMES LATER!
MRS. BICKELHOP NEXT DOOR
WANTS YOU TO RUN
AN ERRAND!

OKAY, COACH!
... I MEAN...
YES, MOTHER!

MY GROCERIES ARE READY!
JUST PICK THEM UP, ORVY!
THIS 50¢ IS FOR YOU! CAN
YOU RUN REAL FAST?

SURE! I'LL
START LIKE
THEY DO IN
A RACE, MRS.
BICKELHOP!

ON YOUR MARK-

GET SET-

GO!

ON THE WINGED FEET OF HIS IMAGINATION,
ORVY SPRINTS RIGHT INTO AN OLYMPIC
PRACTICE SESSION IN ROME, ITALY!

HOLD IT! MY
GRANDMOTHER
COULD GET AWAY
FASTER THAN THAT!

THEN, SIR,
WHEN YOUR
REGULAR STAR
SPRAINED HIS
ANKLE...

... WHY DIDN'T
YOU PUT YOUR
GRANDMOTHER
ON THE TEAM?

BECAUSE SHE BURNS
UP HER WIND IN THE
SPRINT, AND HAS NO
DRIVE LEFT FOR
THE FINISH!

IF HER TRACK PANTS
WERE AS TIGHT AS
MINE, I BET SHE
COULDN'T EVEN GET
STARTED!

SHH! WATCH IT!
WE DON'T BET IN
THE OLYMPICS!
I'LL GET YOU
NEW PANTS!

IS PINCH-PANTS
ON OUR TEAM?
WHO IS HE?

LITTLE ORVY...
A SUBSTITUTE!
OUR COACH MUST
HAVE FLIPPED
HIS DISCUS!

YEAH... THAT KID
COULDN'T RUN IF
THEY PUT WHEELS
ON HIM!

I'LL MAKE
THEM EAT
THOSE WORDS!

DON'T YOU
DARE! AS THE
TEAM'S DIETITIAN,
I DECIDE WHO
EATS WHAT!

LITTLE ORVY

BY RICK YAGER

THE PILGRIMS LEFT NO PHOTOGRAPHS, OF THAT WE'RE FAIRLY CERTAIN; PERHAPS NO CAMERAS WERE ALLOWED BEHIND THE REDSKIN CURTAIN.

Stripper's Guide Scan

ORVY, DID YOU BRING A THANKSGIVING PICTURE TO HANG UP, LIKE THE TEACHER TOLD US TO? NO.... OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T--- YOU FORGOT.



TURKEY DAY IS COMING SOON...SO ORVY'S CLASS IS STUDYING ABOUT THE PILGRIMS, TO LEARN WHY THANKSGIVING IS CELEBRATED!

"ON AUGUST 5TH., 1620, 102 PILGRIMS SAILED FROM SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND, ON THE SHIP MAYFLOWER!"



UNDER THE DRIVING FORCE OF WIND AND WAVE AND THE TEACHER'S VOICE, ORVY'S IMAGINATION BEGINS ROLLING TO THE SWELL OF THE SEA---AND A NEW MEMBER HAS JOINED THE PILGRIM PARTY!



IT HASN'T SAID ANYTHING WHILE I'VE BEEN HERE! ARE YOU SURE IT CAN TALK?

DUMMOX! YOU'RE NO SAILOR! GO HELP THE COOK!



BUT ORVY'S NEW TASK DOESN'T WIN HIM MUCH POPULARITY, EITHER!

LUNCH IS READY, FOLKS! FRIED CLAMS, MUTTON PIE, YARMOUTH BLOATERS AND HASTY PUDDIN'! ALL YOU CAN EAT! COME AND GET IT!



NO! THEY'RE SEASICK! AND YOU MADE IT WORSE, BELLOWING ABOUT FRIED CLAMS... M-M-MUTTON P-P-PIE... AND-- UB--SEE YOU LATER--!



FINALLY... AFTER 67 GAY, CAREFREE DAYS AT SEA, THE PILGRIMS BEHOLD A STRANGE SIGHT LOOMING OUT OF THE FOG!



THE IMAGINARY ADVENTURES OF

LITTLE ORVY

by RICK ABER



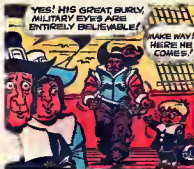
THROUGH STORM AND GALE THE PILGRIMS SAIL,
ENDURING TRIAL AND TROUBLE!
BUT WHEN THEY LAND, DO TROUBLES END?
LIKE FUN THEY DO, THEY DOUBLE!



I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

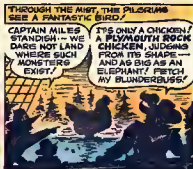
ME, EITHER!

GO CALL OUR GREAT, BURLY, MILITARY LEADER—CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH—WE CAN BELIEVE HIS EYES!



YES! HIS GREAT, BURLY, MILITARY EYES ARE ENTIRELY BELIEVABLE!

MAKE WAY! HERE HE COMES!



THROUGH THE MIST, THE PILGRIMS SEE A FANTASTIC BIRD!

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH—WE DARE NOT LAND WHERE SUCH MONSTERS EXIST!

IT'S ONLY A CHICKEN! A PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKEN, JUDGING FROM ITS SHAPE—AND AS BIG AS AN ELEPHANT! FETCH MY BLUNDERBUSS!



THE CAPTAIN'S BISHY BLUNDERBUSS IS LOADED WITH: 1 LBS. GUNPOWDER—30 LBS. LEAD BALLS—10 LBS. CROCKERY BROKEN ON VOYAGE—5 MICHIGAN CANNON BALLS—3 LBS. OF NAILS—AND WADDING!

STAND BACK!



A THUNDEROUS BLAST ROCKS THE BLEAK NEW ENGLAND COAST!

BOULE—BOULE!



BUT PLANS FOR A SUPER CHICKEN DINNER DON'T PAN OUT!

IT WASN'T A PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKEN AT ALL—JUST A BOULDER SHAPED LIKE ONE!

A FRIENDLY OWEN OF DOMESTIC PLENTY—AND WE WRECKED IT!



IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE AMENDS! LET'S NAME OUR VILLAGE "PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKEN" IN HONOR OF THE BOULDER!

GREAT IDEA! WE'LL PUT UP A SIGN NOW!



EVERYONE LIKES THE NAME EXCEPT CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH.

OKAY! SO I MISTOOK A BLINKIN' BOULDER FOR A KING-SIZE BLODY! BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUB IT IN! FETCH MY BLUNDERBUSS!

THE VILLAGE OF PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKEN



KA-BLOOM



THE VILLAGE OF PLYMOUTH

YOU MISSED PART OF IT, CAPTAIN!

SKIP IT! LET IT GO AT THAT!

GO—LIFE IN PLYMOUTH STARTS OUT WITH A BANG! BUT TERRIBLE DAYS LIKE THIS ARE RARE! IT'S EXACTLY 600,000 SECONDS—THE VERY THOUGHT OF WHICH MAKES ONE WEAK!

THE IMAGINARY ADVENTURES OF

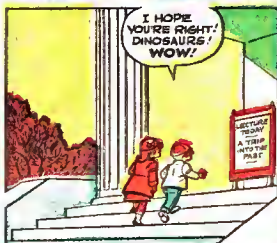
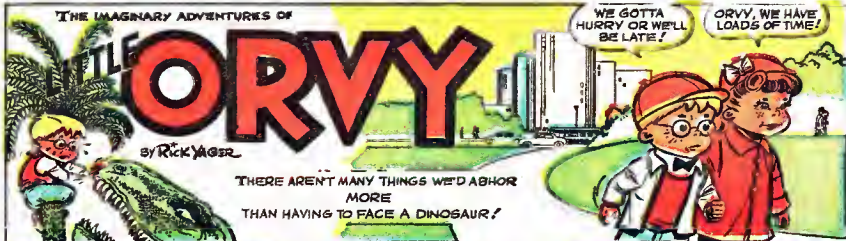
LITTLE ORVY

BY RICK YAGER

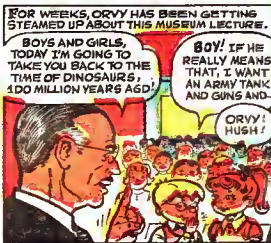
THERE AREN'T MANY THINGS WE'D ASHORE
MORE
THAN HAVING TO FACE A DINOSAUR!

WE GOTTA
HURRY OR WE'LL
BE LATE!

ORVY, WE HAVE
LOADS OF TIME!



I HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT!
DINOSAURS!
WOW!

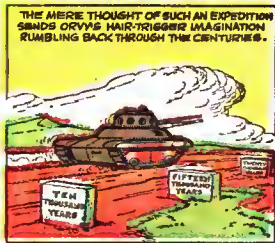


FOR WEEKS, ORVY HAS BEEN GETTING
STEAMED UP ABOUT THIS MUSEUM LECTURE.

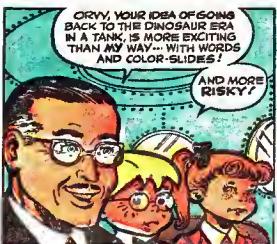
BOYS AND GIRLS,
TODAY I'M GOING TO
TAKE YOU BACK TO THE
TIME OF DINOSAURS,
100 MILLION YEARS AGO!

BOY! IF HE
REALLY MEANS
THAT, I WANT
AN ARMY TANK
AND GUNS AND...

ORVY!
HUSH!

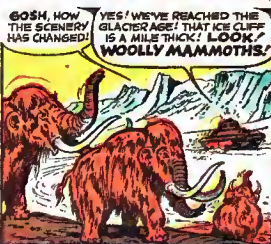


THE MERE THOUGHT OF SUCH AN EXPEDITION
SENDS ORVY'S HAIR-TRIGGER IMAGINATION
RUMBLING BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES.



ORVY, YOUR IDEA OF GOING
BACK TO THE DINOSAUR ERA
IN A TANK, IS MORE EXCITING
THAN MY WAY... WITH WORDS
AND COLOR-SLIDES!

AND MORE
RISKY!



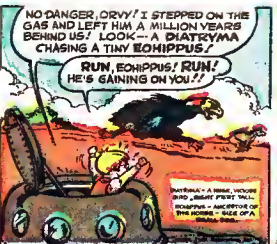
GO SH, HOW
THE SCENERY
HAS CHANGED!

YES! WE'VE REACHED THE
GLACIER AGE! THAT ICE CLIFF
IS A MILE THICK! LOOK!
WOOLLY MAMMOTHS!



AND THERE'S THE KING OF THE ICE-AGE
KILLERS! THE TERRIBLE SABER-TOOTHED THING!

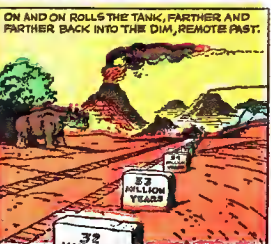
YOW! I'M COMIN'
BACK INSIDE!



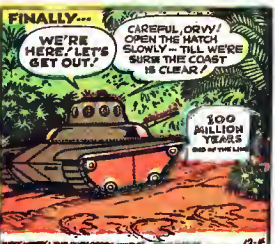
NO DANGER, ORVY! I STEPPED ON THE
GAS AND LEFT HIM A MILLION YEARS
BEHIND US! LOOK-- A DIATRYMA
CHASING A TINY EOHIPPUS!

RUN, EOHIPPUS! RUN!
HE'S GAINING ON YOU!!

DIATRYMA-- A BIRD, VULTURE
BIRD, OR GREAT FIRST TALL
POUNCE-- A BIRD OF THE
HOBBS-- MADE OF A
WOLLY DINO.



ON AND ON ROLLS THE TANK, FARTHER AND
FARTHER BACK INTO THE DIM, REMOTE PAST.



FINALLY...

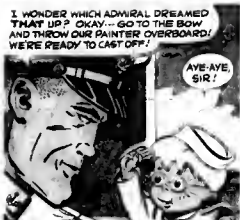
WE'RE
HERE! LET'S
GET OUT!

CAREFUL, ORVY!
OPEN THE HATCH
SLOWLY-- TILL WE'RE
SURE THE COAST
IS CLEAR!

100
MILLION
YEARS
AND WE'VE LIVED

LITTLE ORVY

By Rick Yager



LITTLE ORVY

By Rick Yager

BOY! WHAT A RELIEF TO BE OUT OF THAT BIRD CAGE!

THEN TRY TO STAY OUT, KNOT-TWISTER! FIND SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO OCCUPY YOUR TIME!



SAY... THAT WAS A SWELL SUGGESTION! HERE'S SOMETHING OF INTEREST! THIS HEAVY LEAD BOX... WITH THE SHINY ROCK IN IT!

STOP! DON'T TOUCH IT!



DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, SIR?

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES, SKIPPER! I PICKED UP THE URANIUM CORE OF OUR TWIN NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS! HE'S CLICKING LIKE THE CASTANETS OF A SPANISH DANCER!



TO THE NEAREST LAND! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

THE NEAREST LAND IS THE SOUTH POLE!

PLEASE UNDERSTAND THERE'S NOTHING PERSONAL ABOUT THIS!



ANCHORS AWEIGH, KNOT-TWISTER! GOOD-BYE FOREVER!

YOUR PAL TOOK HIS SUBMARINE AND WENT HOME, BUDDY! YOU BETTER GO, TOO, BEFORE YOU CATCH PNEUMONIA!



SAY! YOU'RE THE FIRST TALKING PENGUIN I EVER SAW!

SO! IT'S A PENGUIN I AM, IS IT? NOW GIT GOIN'!

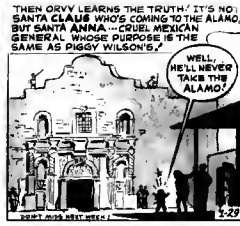
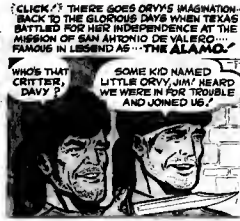


OKAY! BUT YOU BETTER KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, I'M RADIO-ACTIVE!

NEXT WEEK: DEFEATH OF THE ALAMO! DON'T MISS IT!

LITTLE ORVY

By Rick Yager



THE IMAGINARY ADVENTURES OF

LITTLE ORVY

BY RICK YAGER

HIS EYES ARE SPARKS FROM A LAVA LAKE,
HIS NOSE IS A RIPE BANANA,
HE'S MEAN AS A MEXICAN RATTLESNAKE,
AND HIS NAME IS SANTA ANNA!

BOARD UP THE WINDOWS!
BOLT THE DOORS!

SHARPEN YOUR SABERS!
CLEAN YOUR RIFLES!

WHILE THE MEN IN THE ALAMO AWAIT
GENERAL SANTA ANNA'S ATTACK, TENSION IS
RELIEVED BY SOME FANCY MARKSMANSHIP!

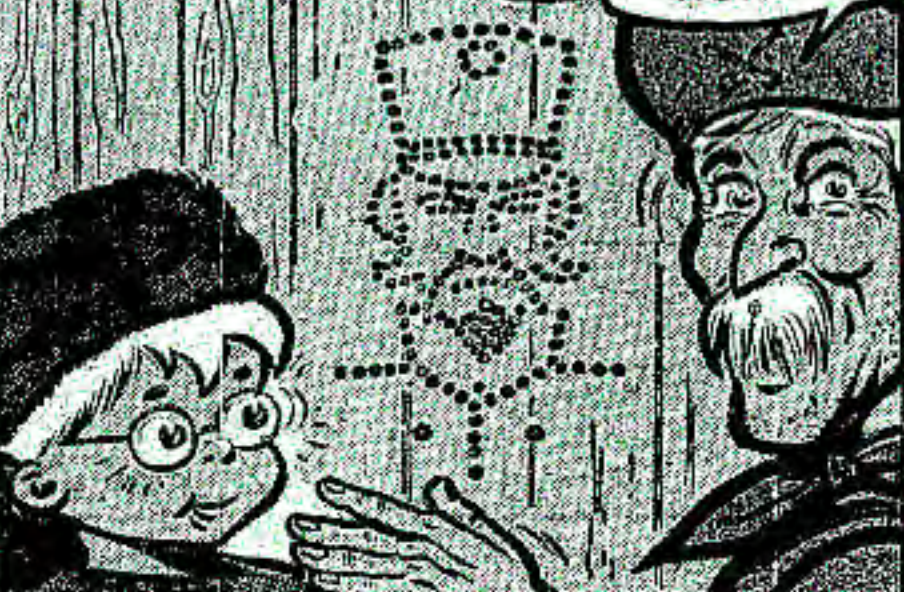
WHAT'S ALL THE
SHOOTIN'? HAS
THE FIGHTING
STARTED?

NOPE! IT'S JUST DAVY
CROCKETT DRAWING
SANTA ANNA'S PICTURE
...WITH BULLETS!



WHAT A TRICK!
MARVELOUS!

YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHIN' YET, SONNY!
STAND BACK! IT'S
JIM BOWIE'S TURN
NOW!



SEE! WITH HIS KNIFE, AT
30 PACES, HE KNOCKED
THE GENERAL'S HAT OFF!



JUST TAKES PRACTICE!
SAY! NICE GUN YOU HAVE!
IT'S A SQUIRREL RIFLE,
AIN'T IT?

YOU CAN'T
KID ME! NO
SQUIRREL IS
BIG ENOUGH TO
SHOOT A RIFLE
THIS SIZE!



DON'T BE TOO SURE, BUDDY!
THIS IS TEXAS, Y'KNOW!



SUDDENLY... ALL EARS ARE ALERT TO
THE SOUND OF A DISTANT BUGLE!

LISTEN! GALLOPING
HOOF BEATS! IT'S
SANTA ANNA!

WHAT? YOU MEAN
HE'S GOT FEET LIKE
A HORSE?



UP TO THE
RAMPARTS,
MEN! HURRY!

I'M NOT TRYING TO
RUN THINGS HERE,
MR. TRAVIS, BUT I
THINK WE'D BE SAFER
IN THE BASEMENT!



MEANWHILE... THE ALAMO IS BEING
SIZED-UP BY TWO CRUEL, BEADY EYES!

TEXANS! HAHHAHA!
I KNOW THE BREED WELL!
WITHIN THE HOUR I'LL HAVE
THEM ON THEIR KNEES...
BEGGING FOR MERCY!
CARAMBA!



*COLONEL WILLIAM B. TRAVIS WAS IN COMMAND AT THE ALAMO!

OH, YEAH? WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK, YOU SMART ALECK!

LITTLE ORVY

By Rick Yager

I BET THE TRITON COST A LOT! MY FRIEND'S MODEL 'SUB' COST \$6.25-- BUT IT ONLY WEIGHS ABOUT A POUND!

THAT'S JUST WHAT TRITON COST-- \$6.25 PER POUND! AT 8,000 TONS, THAT'S 100 MILLION DOLLARS!



SO GUARD 'ER WITH YOUR LIFE, KNOT-TWISTER! DON'T LET ANY ENEMIES CAPTURE US!

HA! JUST LET 'EM TRY.



YOW!! PIRATES! WE'RE ATTACKED!



YOU RATS WILL NEVER CAPTURE THE TRITON WHILE I'M ALIVE!



FROM THIS PEACEFUL OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE TRITON, IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE THE STATE OF CONFUSION INSIDE; THE SHRIEKING SIREN, THE SPLASHING, THE ANGRY BELLOWING!



I TRAPPED 'EM ALL IN THE CARGO NET! EVEN THEIR KING.

... WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE OUR SKIPPER!



"WHEN SHIPS REACH THE EQUATOR, A MASQUERADE CEREMONY IS HELD TO INITIATE INTO THE REALM OF KING NEPTUNE ALL SAILORS CROSSING THE EQUATOR FOR THE FIRST TIME..."



...USUALLY A TIME OF FUN AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP, ON THIS OCCASION IT WAS SPOILED BY A NAUTICAL NIMCOMPOOP KNOWN AS KNOT-TWISTER."



THAT MAKES AN EVEN 200 TIMES! 800 MORE TO GO! KEEP ON READING, KNOT-TWISTER!

YUNA FISH-- UNCAINED

NEXT WEEK! HARBORED! DON'T MISS IT!

1-15

THE IMAGINARY ADVENTURES OF
SCOTLAND YARD CHAPTER 4
LITTLE ORVY
BY RICK YAGER

WHEN PADLOCK JONES HAS "PROVED FOR SURE" NO GHOST-HOUND HAUNTS SIR CEDRIC'S MOOR, WE'LL GIVE YOU FAIR-TO-MIDDLING PROOF THAT EVEN PADLOCK JONES CAN GOOF.

HOW DID YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERY SO FAST, MR JONES?

BECAUSE WE OF SCOTLAND YARD USE LOGIC.

WELL, WHAT'S THE LOGIC IN CALLING YOUR DETECTIVE BUREAU SCOTLAND BUREAU WHEN IT'S IN ENGLAND?

SO IT WON'T BE CONFUSED WITH ENGLAND YARD, THE DETECTIVE BUREAU IN SCOTLAND!

WELL, SIR CEDRIC, THE HOUND OF THE DAFFODILS WILL HAUNT YOU NO MORE.

IT WAS ONLY HIGGINS, YOUR BUTLER, HOPING TO SCARE YOU AWAY AND SWIPE YOUR FORTUNE!

BUT... WHO MADE THOSE GHOSTLY HOWLING SOUNDS?

HIGGINS! WITH THIS!

IT AREN'T SO! THERE REALLY IS A GHOST HOUND! I CARRIED THE MEGAPHONE TO YELL FOR HELP IF IT EVER TOOK AWFTER ME!

TELL IT TO THE JURY, HIGGINS!

NOW, SIR CEDRIC, YOU CAN HIKE ON THE MOORS IN PERFECT SAFETY!

THAT NIGHT -

JOLLY OF YOU TO SLEEP AND DEEF ME COMPANY, ORVY! JOIN ME IN A HIKE?

NO THANKS, SIR CEDRIC, I'LL JUST HIKE TO BED!

THEN, AS ORVY IS RETIRING, A FAMILIAR SOUND... AN EERIE HOWL... COMES ROLLING ACROSS THE MOORS...

BUT ORVY IS SPARED THE SIGHT THAT GREET'S SIR CEDRIC'S BULGING EYES.

I S-S-SAY NOW... I CAN RUDDY WELL SEE RIGHT THROUGH THE B-B-BLAWSTED BEAST!

THE MOORS HAVE MANY SOUNDS THIS NIGHT! A FRANTIC SHOUT... WILLOWY RACING FOOTSTEPS... THE SWISH OF HEATHER AS SOMETHING GOES BOUNCING PAST! THEN... ONLY THE SAD NIGHT WIND!

MORNING! AND HAROLD'S GUEST HAS ALREADY CHECKED OUT.

GET UP, BOYS! BREAKFAST IS READY! WHY... HAROLD? WHERE'S ORVY?

HE LEFT AN HOUR AGO... "TO GIVE A PIECE OF ADVICE TO POOR SIR CEDRIC'S HEIR!"... WHATEVER THAT MEANS!

NEXT WEEK: THE MATADOR! O'RY!

4-16

LITTLE ORVY—HIS IMAGINARY ADVENTURES

By Rick Yager

LITTLE ORVY STANDS WAITING. THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED. THE CROWD IS SILENT. ALL EYES ARE TURNED TOWARD THE TORIL—THE RED DOOR KNOWN AS "EL PORTON DE LOS SUSTOS"—THE GATE OF HORRORS.



THE SUSPENSE IS TERRIBLE—

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SENT ORVY INTO THE RING WITH THAT DANGEROUS BULL. HE'S ONLY NINE YEARS OLD—AND HAS HAD VERY LITTLE TRAINING.

SO WHAT? THE BULL IS ONLY FOUR—AND HAS HAD NO TRAINING.



THEN—ORVY HAS AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

IT'S WORSE THAN UNFAIR! JUST SEEING ORVY MIGHT MAKE THE POOR BULL DROP DEAD FROM LAUGHTER.



SEND, YOU'RE RIGHT! NO BULL SHOULD BE SENT INTO THE RING WITH A DANGEROUS KID LIKE THAT.

LOOK! THE DOOR IS OPENING.



THE CROWD GASPS AS THE FIERCE BULL, "EL PRESIDENTE," BURSTS INTO THE RING.

IF I HIDE BEHIND THIS RED CAPE, MAYBE HE WON'T NOTICE ME!



BUT, AS THE BULL KEEPS COMING, ORVY REMEMBERS INSTRUCTIONS—AND THE DEADLY HORNS FIND ONLY EMPTINESS BEHIND THE CAPE. THE CROWD GOES WILD!



AGAIN AND AGAIN—EVER CLOSER—COMES THAT LETHAL CHARGE—



FINALLY, WHEN THE HORNS BEGIN TO RIP ORVY'S CLOTHING—

IT'S SUICIDE! I CAN'T STAND TO SEE ORVY PUT INTO ORBIT. QUICK! GO GIVE HIM THESE!

THOSE? CARAMBA! ARE THEY LEGAL?



THE IMAGINARY ADVENTURES OF

THE RACE TO THE MOON. CHAPTER 5

LITTLE ORVY

BY RICK YAGER

PIONEERS OF THE FUTURE WHO MOVE TO THE MOON SHOULDN'T HOPE FOR MUCH COMFORT AND EASE; IF THEY WORK IN THE SUN THEY'LL BE COOKED VERY SOON, IF THEY MOVE TO THE SHADE THEY WILL FREEZE!

(200' ABOVE ZERO IN SUN. 200' BELOW ZERO IN SHADE.)

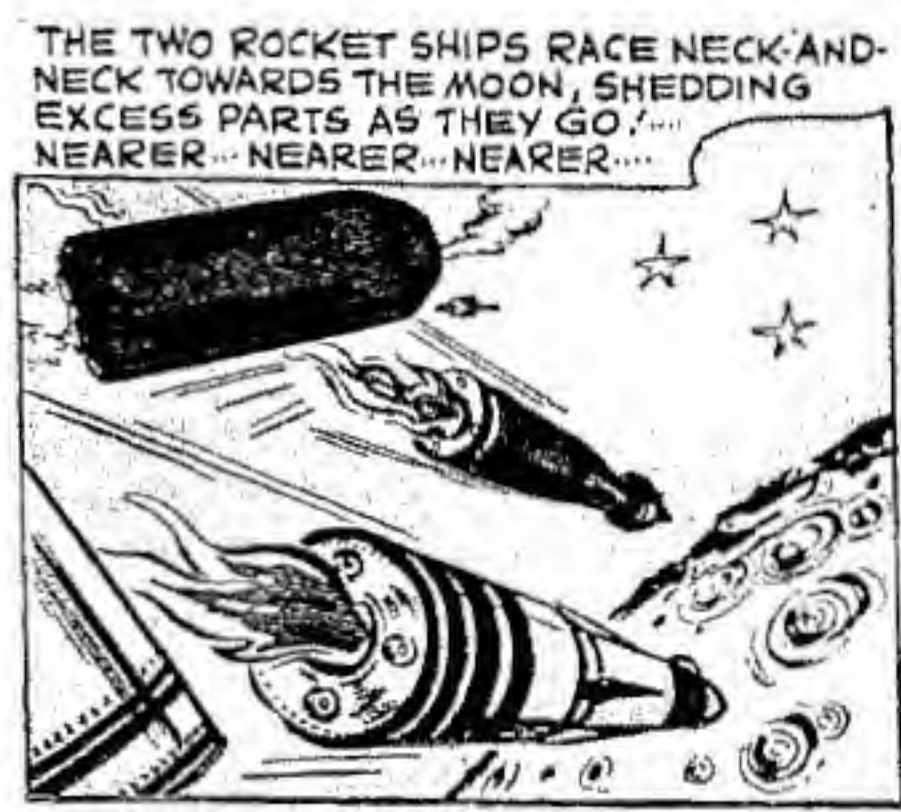


THE NERVE OF THAT GUY IN THE OTHER ROCKET... TELLING ME TO GO HOME!

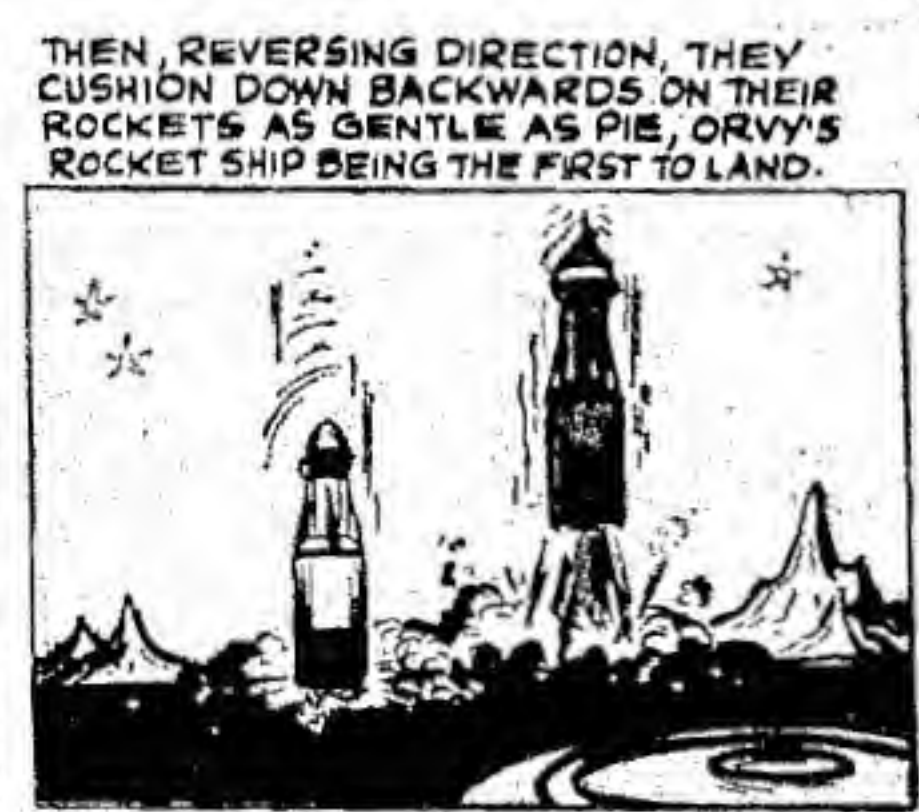


OH, I'LL GO HOME, ALL RIGHT... BUT AFTER I'VE LANDED ON THE MOON!

THE TWO ROCKET SHIPS RACE NECK-AND-NECK TOWARDS THE MOON, SHEDDING EXCESS PARTS AS THEY GO!... NEARER... NEARER... NEARER...



THEN, REVERSING DIRECTION, THEY CUSHION DOWN BACKWARDS ON THEIR ROCKETS AS GENTLE AS PIE, ORVY'S ROCKET SHIP BEING THE FIRST TO LAND.



NICE TRY, SIR! I DIDN'T BEAT YOU BY MUCH!

FELLOW ASTRONAUT, MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?... ON THE DOTTED LINE, PLEASE!



SURE! I USED TO BE AN AUTOGRAPH HOUND, MYSELF!

THANKS, COMRADE! AND NOW, ON BEHALF OF MY LEADER, I CLAIM THE ENTIRE MOON FOR MY COUNTRY!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, **YOU** CLAIM IT? WHO GOT HERE FIRST?

I DID! YOU JUST SIGNED THIS PAPER ADMITTING IT!



B-B-B-BUT THAT WAS JUST MY AUTOGRAPH!

EXACTLY!... AH, WHAT A GOLD MINE THIS WILL BE! TO START WITH, WE'LL SET UP MOONLIGHT METERS, MILLIONS OF THEM, LIKE PARKING METERS, ALL OVER EARTH... BY EVERY POND, RIVER, LAKE, BAY AND OCEAN!



THEN... THE MILLIONS OF SWEETHEARTS WHO WISH TO USE OUR MOONLIGHT FOR ROMANCE... SWIMMING, CANOEING, OR JUST STROLLING ON THE BEACH... WILL HAVE TO DROP A COIN IN THE SLOT!

ISN'T THE MOONLIGHT PARTY GREAT?

IT OUGHT TO BE, AT A DOLLAR AN HOUR!

NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!



NOT QUITE EVERYTHING, COMRADE! WAIT TILL YOU READ THIS SIGN!



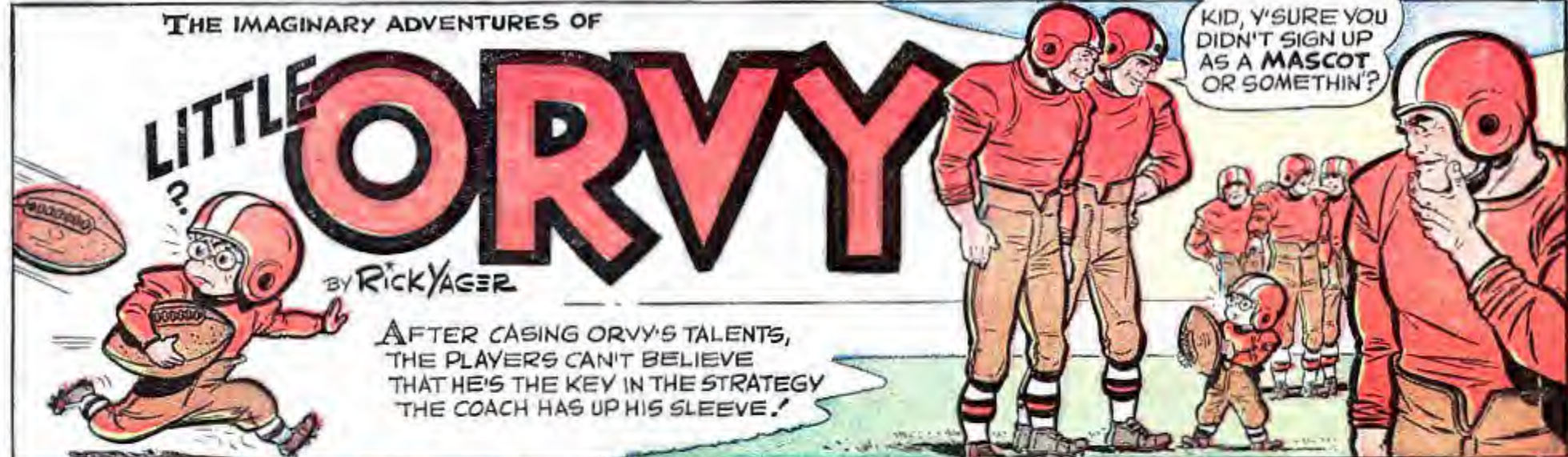
DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK! 156

LITTLE ORVY

By RICKYAGER

AFTER CASING ORVY'S TALENTS, THE PLAYERS CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE'S THE KEY IN THE STRATEGY THE COACH HAS UP HIS SLEEVE!

KID, Y'SURE YOU DIDN'T SIGN UP AS A MASCOT OR SOMETHIN'?



NO! I'M...

'WAIT! DON'T TELL ME! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!



ARE YOU OUR NEW WATER BOY?

NO! ALL MY CONTRACT REQUIRES ME TO DO IS TO WIN YOU THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



CUT THE HORSE LAUGHS! OUR PRO-LEAGUE HAS GOTTEN SO TOUGH, BRAINS, BRAWN, SPEED, SKILL, TRAINING AND STRATEGY AREN'T ENOUGH TO WIN THE TITLE!

BUT, COACH... WHAT ELSE IS THERE?



I'VE CREATED A NEW MYSTERY-INGREDIENT CALLED THE **TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED!**

SHOW'EM, ORVY!



ORVY OBLIGES WITH...



COACH! THAT KID CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

THAT'S EXACTLY THE POINT! WHEN THE OTHER TEAM DISCOVERS OUR NEW STAR PERFORMER CAN'T DO ANYTHING, WE'VE PULLED THE **TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED!**



SO... FOR THE TITLE GAME, WE'LL BUILD OUR PLAYS AROUND ORVY!

COACH IS WAY AHEAD OF HIS TIME!

I THINK HE'S GONE DINGDONG!



THEN... COMES THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME!

D-D-DON'T BE N-N-NERVOUS, ORVY!

I'M NOT!



ACROSS FIELD, THE RIVAL COACH HAS DIFFICULTY CONTROLLING HIS PLAYERS!



NEXT WEEK! BATTLE OF THE BONE CRUSHERS! DON'T MISS IT!

THE IMAGINARY ADVENTURES OF

LITTLE ORVY

BY RICK YAGER

THE BATTLE OF BEHEMOTHS IS GETTING UNDER WAY! BE THANKFUL YOU AREN'T IN THIS GAME THAT'S BEING PLAYED TODAY!

NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF, ORVY! S-S-STOP SHAKING!

I'M NOT SHAKING! YOU ARE!

COACH

NOW... GET IN THERE, TEAM... ROCK 'EM AND SOCK 'EM! ORVY, WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU!

THE PRO-FOOTBALL RIVALS ARE BATTLING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP! THERE'S THE KICKOFF!

BARREL DOWN, KID, AND NAIL SOMEBODY!

BALL IS TAKEN ON THE 5-YARD LINE BY "CRAZY LEGS" MERTZ! LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, HE STREAKS UPFIELD!

BUT HE DOESN'T GET FAR... ONLY 89 YARDS... BEFORE ORVY'S TEAM SNOWS HIM UNDER LIKE AN AVALANCHE!

FIRST DOWN, GOAL TO GO, ON THE 6-YARD LINE! THE BALL IS SNAPPED--AND HERE COMES THAT DREADED COMBINATION, "ROCKY" CEMENTI AND "MASTODON" MURPHY, RUNNING INTERFERENCE FOR FULLBACK "BATTERING-RAM" BOMBARDI!

LIKE A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION, BOMBARDI BURSTS THROUGH THE LINE---

TOUCHDOWN!

"WONDERFUL-TOES" O'TOOLE TRIES FOR THE EXTRA POINT! BUT ORVY, HURLED HIGH BY POWERFUL ARMS, BLOCKS THE KICK TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR! THAT NEW STRATEGY, THE "TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED", IS STARTING TO CLICK!

NOW ORVY'S TEAM RECEIVES! IT'S A HIGH END-OVER-END! ORVY'S TEAMMATES STAMPEDE OUT OF RANGE SO THEY WON'T GET STUCK WITH CARRYING THE BALL!

ORVY TAKES IT! OH-OH!-- HERE COMES A HALF TON OF DEADLY TACKLERS-- THOSE GRIDIRON TERRORS, "PILE-DRIVER" POLARSKI, "FRACTURE" FLANNIGAN AND "SLEDGE HAMMER" MCSTEAM!

STOP! TIME OUT!

HURRY UP! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

NEXT WEEK: THE "TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED"!

DART MISS IT!

10-23

Stripper's Guide Scan

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LITTLE ORVY

BY RICKYAGER

WHEN THEY CHOSE UP SIDES ON THE SAND LOT TEAM LITTLE ORVY WAS BLUNTLY REJECTED; BUT NOW HE'S A "WOW" IN THE PROS' ESTEEM, WITH THEIR "TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED!"

Stripper's Guide Scan

THAT WAS THE "SKYSCRAPER" PASS! AND HERE'S ANOTHER "TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED" PLAY CALLED THE "SUBWAY SNEAK!"



AS THE MIGHTY "PRO" TEAMS BATTLE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, EVERY SINGLE SPECTATOR IS IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT (ALSO THE MARRIED ONES)! BUT THIS VISITOR FROM SOMEWHERE NORTHWEST OF SAUDI ARABIA IS THE MOST EXCITED OF ALL!



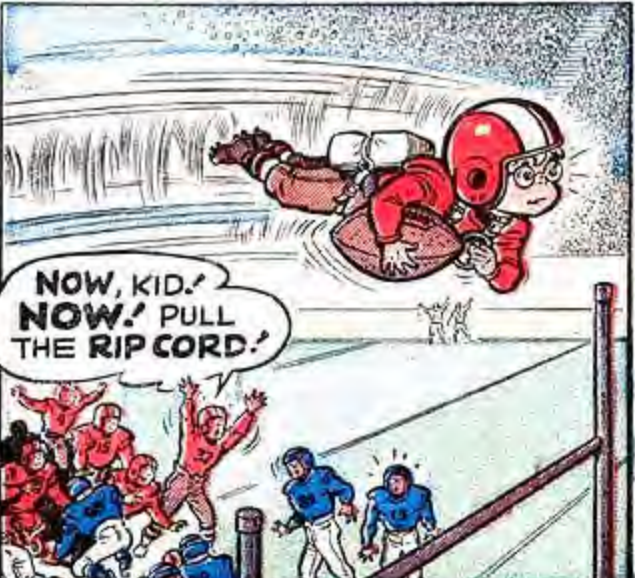
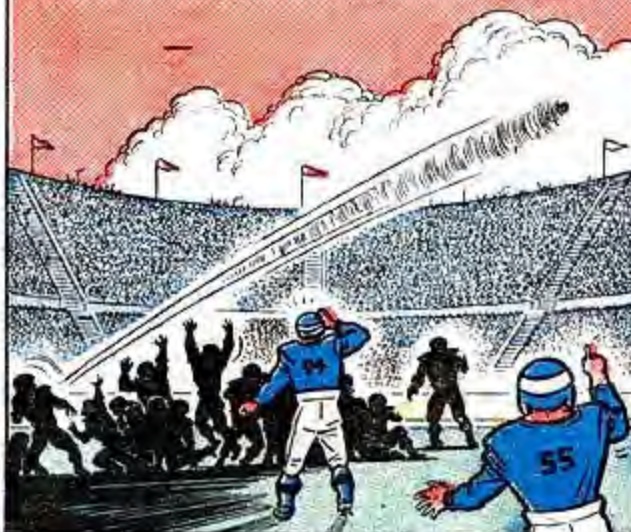
ORVY'S TEAM IS LOSING 35 TO 40! ONLY TEN SECONDS LEFT IN THE GAME! TIME OUT...FOR A FINAL BRIEFING!



THERE'S THE PASS FROM CENTER..... "ICE TONGS" PETERSON (BIGGEST HANDS IN FOOTBALL) FADES BACK...BACK...BACK... AND, WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, HURLS A HIGH, BEAUTIFUL SPIRAL TOWARDS THE GOAL LINE!



...AND THE HIGH, BEAUTIFUL SPIRAL IS ORVY!



...AND LITTLE ORVY FLOATS INTO THE END ZONE FOR A "TOTALLY-UNEXPECTED" TOUCHDOWN.



ORVY! WAKE UP! HAROLD GOT HIS BREATH KNOCKED OUT! YOU CAN GET IN THE GAME NOW!



NO, THANKS! I'VE PLAYED ENOUGH FOOTBALL TODAY TO LAST ME A YEAR!



STARTING NEXT WEEK: THE FIRST THANKSGIVING! WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHOSE ANCESTORS HAD TICKETS ON THE 'MAYFLOWER,' BUT MISSED THE BOAT! 10-30